

The Holt County Sentinel.

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Love Me Little, Love Me Long.

Love me little, love me long;
Is the burden of my song;
Love that is too hot and strong
Burneth soon to waste.
Still I would not have thee cold—
Not too backward, not too bold;
Love that lasteth till 'tis old
Fadeth not in haste.
Love me little, love me long;
Is the burden of my song.
If thou lovest me too much,
'Twill not prove as true a touch;
Love me little more than such—
For I fear the end.
I'm with little well content,
And a little from thee sent
Is enough, with true intent
To be steadfast, friend.
Say thou lovest me, while thou live;
I to thee my love will give;
Never dreaming to deceive
While that life endures;
Nay, and after death, in sooth,
I to thee will keep my truth,
And now when in my May of youth:
This my love assures.
Constant love is moderate ever,
And if will through life persevere;
Give me that with true endeavor—
I will restore
A suit of durance let it be,
For all weathers—that for me
For the land or for the sea:
Lasting evermore.
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
Autumn's tempests on its beat;
It can never know defeat,
Never can rebel.
Such the love that I would gain,
Such the love, I tell thee plain,
Thou must give, or was in vain;
So to thee—farewell!
—Anonymous.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

How much faith does it require on your part to believe that the green of the trees which is now about departed, will return with the coming of another springtime? In nature the end of one process is always the beginning of another. How much more faith does it require in the face of these great and fundamental truths to believe that the laws which hold true with reference to everything else are also going to hold with reference to life itself and that behind the fruition of this humanly earthly pilgrimage there is budding another of even greater moment?

A professor in a Massachusetts college says he has discovered a cure for lars. "The so-called confirmed liar," he declares, "is not a hopeless case, but may be cured by patience and sympathetic interest." This is mighty interesting, if true, but if the remedy becomes popular life will lose its fascination for a host of people who cannot tell the truth without trimmings and embroidery. There is the man with the chronic, red nose who tells his friends that his skin is particularly sensitive to sunlight—his days are numbered with those of that interesting individual who always loses the biggest fish. The girl with uncertain and immovable age is also doomed together with the youthful liar who tells her and others that she is the only girl he ever loved. But the ravages of truth-telling will be most disastrous in politics. The hustlings will lose their savor when the truth-saturated candidate in oratorical frenzy shouts from the campaign platform to his enraptured hearers: "I am in this for all there is in it for me. See?"

Two men entered The Oregon Interurban car the other day. There was but one vacant seat, but the man who was a little ahead, and really entitled to it, urged the other man to take it, saying that he really preferred to stand. "This," said the second man, as he sank wearily into the seat, "is what I call a case of genuine politeness." "That may be what you call it, stranger," said the man who was standing up, "but I call it one of the blindest, tenderest bolts I ever carried around with me in my life." Moral: Sometimes people get credit for what they don't deserve.

It is absolutely painful to see how some of the aged parents dig and save in order that their children may have more money to spend—in many cases to burn. Perhaps it is the natural love of parents for their offspring that drives them to it, but to the rambler it looks as though they would be showing more real love by permitting their children to learn the value of money by letting them earn it themselves.

Judge George Meyer, Jr., of Dale Center, and his cousin, J. M. Hornecker, of Lander, Wyo., who spent a few days last week among their Southern Holt friends, returned to Dale Center. They leave this week for Excelsior Springs, Mo., where they go for their health. J. M. says that Uncle Martin Hornecker, who is now 87 years of age, is enjoying the best of health, and is quite active and spry for one of his years.

NEARING HER 92D BIRTHDAY

Nancy Cox-Jackson Passes Her 91st Milestone—Hale and Hearty.

To have stayed here on this bully, good, old earth for ninety-one years is, to say the least, a good, long time, and to have lived all those years retaining all the senses is a God's blessing that does not come to many. But



Nancy Cox-Jackson.

this is the case of Grandma Jackson, of the Big Lake section of our county, to raise a family of children who from one generation to another, she can number four: six children, 26 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren, with many of the latter old enough to marry.

What development and changes she has lived to see in those 91 years? In her early day life the family wants were few and simple, living principally on what was produced from the little farm. The wearing apparel of those days was of home manufacture, of flax and wool. Their fruits, the wild berries of the forests, and their shoes made from the skins of the animals of the forests or of their own herd, tanned and prepared at home. The children only had shoes for the winter, and they had but little of anything to market. The grain was harvested by the cradle or hook, and threshed with a flail. She had grown to young womanhood before she knew the taste of coffee, and rarely did they have any use for coffee. The theatre was not in fashion, and their amusements consisted of husking bees, quilting and spelling matches.

They did not go to church or to the chautauqua in their automobile. When they went to church or on a visit, it meant a ride horseback, foot-bark, or go with the old oxen and wagon. Attending church meant much in those days for it required nearly three days for the round trip, including the all Sunday services; the church social was not dreamed of.

To mill was equal to going to a 4th of July celebration, for they were far away, and awaiting "your turn" always meant delay, for all mills were then operated by horse or water power.

She has seen the development and success of many inventions of today which we regard as necessities, but which in her time would have been thought "crazy." She well remembers the talk of the first railroad train. She regards the coming of the telegraph, telephone and electric developments as the greatest of her time.

But when you come to think it over it appears that all that there is of modern civilization has come out since Nancy Cox first saw the light of day in the log cabin in an Ohio county. Since that day of her birth she has seen the coming of the cook stove, telegraph, telephone, the locomotive, kerosene, matches, steel pens, envelopes, postage stamps, sewing machine, discovery of gold, the typewriter, reaper and mower, the self-binder, the threshing machine, sleeping car, electric railroad, rural free delivery of mail, flying machine, phonograph, and the moving picture. She has lived under the administrations from President Monroe in 1821 to Wm. H. Taft in 1911.

How instructive and entertaining it is to talk to this monogamian, who forms a link connecting the far distant past with the marvelous formation of the practical present.

Nancy Cox was born in Knox county, Ohio, near Mt. Vernon, August 9, 1820, and in 1838 she became the wife of Robert Jackson, the wedding oc-

curing in the same county. In 1840 she and husband moved to Hamilton county, Illinois, near Macedonia, and from there to Iowa, thence to Sumner, Atchison county, Kansas, in 1860. Here they resided until 1871, when they located in Platte county. In 1879 they located on the present home place on the Big Lake west of Bigelow. Mr. Jackson died February 22, 1883, and since her widowhood has been making her home the greater part of her time with her son, "Coke." The family tree has brought forth six children:

Emiline is now 69 years old; her first marriage was to George Hooper and they had three children—Robert, George and Cora. Robert married but has no children; Geo. is married and has one child; Cora married John Scott and they have four sons. Mr. Hooper died and her second husband was a Mr. Haley, by whom two children were born.

The second child was Lucina, now 66 years of age. Her first husband was Owen Smith; they had two children—Ida and Emma. Ida became the wife of Cam Wilson and they had 5 children. Emma married Robert Bridgeman and they had three children. Mr. Smith died, and Lucina's second husband was George Morris, and they had two sons by this union.

Ann Eliza, the third child, 64 years of age, married Stephen St. John, three children being the issue—Edie, Fred and Amy. Fred married Etta Crow, and they have no children. Amy married Wm. Cochran, who resides in Atchison, Kan., and have one daughter. Mr. St. John died and she married Jack Van Vickle and they have one daughter.

Cinderella, age 61, married Marion Andrews, Oct. 22, 1866; he died in 1908, leaving no children. She resides in Atchison, Kan., and was recently back to the old home to visit mother.

Alice, now 51, became the wife of John Boyd, and their home is in Horton, Kan. They have two children, Walter and Shelton; both are married, and Walter has one son.

C. W. (Coke), 52 years old; his first wife was Ida Iden. They had two girls, Iva and Goldie. The former became the wife of Frank Vest, and they have one son. Goldie became the wife of George Davis, and they are the parents of a son and daughter. "Coke's" second wife was Cora Barker, and this union brought three boys and two girls.

The baby of this remarkable family is George Albert (Dick). He is 18, and married Biana Fitzwaters. They are the parents of four children—Esther, Ruth, Orville and Vesta. Esther became the wife of Wm. Henderson and they reside in Atchison, Kan.—they have no children. Ruth married Ben Freeman, and they have two daughters.

With the exceptions of those residing at Atchison and Horton, the remainder of this large family reside in Bigelow township.

Thus it will be seen Mother Jackson's six children have brought her 26 grandchildren, and they have given her 20 great-grandchildren—a most extraordinary record, and one that should convince Mr. Roosevelt that no race suicide has been a part of the lives of Grandma Jackson's family.

May her remaining days be only of peace and plenty, and may she become a centenarian before her final summons comes.

Good November Business.

Our Interurban railroad did a good business during November, handling 1,862,710 pounds of freight—of which there were 22 carload lots received and 27 carload lots forwarded; 23 of these were hogs. In addition to this it handled 31,619 pounds of express, 1,430 gallons of cream and 1,504 passengers.

Are Making Good.

George and Lewis, sons of W. C. Opel, of this city, who are now, and have been for some time in the Alberta country, Canada, are certainly making good. In a letter received from the boys, by their father, we learn that they have but recently threshed their grain—15,000 bushels of oats and 13,400 bushels of winter wheat. They had to pony up \$2,300 for threshing this 28,000 bushels of grain. George was married December 4 to a Miss Pearl Simms, of near High Rivers, Canada.

—Mrs. Netherland "has come back" from a visit with her sister, Mrs. John Bagby, of Mound City.

STILL FIGHTING HARD.

Kansas City Court of Appeals Grants a Rerearing in the D. D. Perkins Case.

R. B. Bridgeman, attorney for W. S. Thomson, administrator of the individual estate of David P. Perkins, received a message from the Clerk of the Kansas City Court of Appeals last Monday, stating that he had been granted a rehearing in the case of the White Cloud Milling and Elevator Co., who were partnership creditors of the estate of D. D. Perkins & Co. vs. W. S. Thomson, who is administrator of the individual estate of David D. Perkins.

This litigation involves a claim in the sum of \$7,000.34, which Perkins paid for Perkins & Co., in the year 1907, some two months before his death. Immediately after his death Thomson as administrator of the individual estate had this claim allowed and classified against the Partnership Estate of Perkins & Co. Some eighteen months after this claim was allowed and classified the partnership creditors filed a motion in the Probate Courts asking that their claims be given priority of payment over the claim of Thomson, as they were partnership creditors; Judge Porter granted their request and Thomson by R. B. Bridgeman and John Kennish, his attorneys, appealed to the Circuit Court, where Judge Ellison overruled the motion of the partnership creditors and ordered all claims to be paid according to their respective class (they all being in the 5th class). After the ruling of Judge Ellison as above stated, Judge Alkire and J. B. Shackelford, who represented the partnership creditors, took an appeal to the Kansas City Court of Appeals; at the March, 1911 term, the Court of Appeals rendered a decision sustaining the views of the Probate Court; within the time allowed by law, Thomson's attorneys filed a motion for a rehearing of said cause, claiming that they had a final and binding judgment for their claim the same as did the partnership creditors for their claim and that they all stood on ALL FOURs and must be paid accordingly.

Since the court has set this case down for a rehearing it will be again considered anew at the coming March, 1912, term of the Court of Appeals. R. B. is a fighter and says no case is settled until it is settled right. A correct decision of this case means much to the individual creditors of his estate, as it will not pay over fifty per cent of its indebtedness if the case is lost.

The McNamara Case.

The unions, led by men who have been made to appear as unworthy of the confidence placed in them, have made one fundamental error with respect to the McNamara brothers. When union men proclaimed their belief in the innocence of the McNamaras, and their willingness to supply funds for their defense, they were acting with their rights. They were mistaken in their men, but they were not wrong in their principle.

To the extent, however, that union men permitted themselves to affirm positively that the McNamaras were innocent, and that they were the victims of capital—that extent they were fundamentally wrong. That was the kind of error that hurt; that was the frame of mind which must be re-adjusted if the cause of unionism is not to be permanently injured.

President Gompers is quoted as saying that the unions have been misled. They have been often by Mr. Gompers. It was he who spoke the strongest word about persecutions. He did all that he could to inject bitterness and class hatred into the trial of the McNamaras.

John Mitchell, also prominent in the councils of union labor, declared nearly two months ago that he would not believe the McNamaras were guilty, even if they were convicted. Here, also, was the spirit that harms.

It is fair to hold, however, that the spirit and aims of honest organizations have not been discredited by the result of the Los Angeles trial. Men who belong to the unions will make occasional mistakes. But a very large majority of them are striving upward, by fair means, toward greater degrees of usefulness and happiness. Sometimes their leaders may fall them; sometimes their mistakes may be costly; and for these very reasons it may be hoped that there will come out of the McNamara case a genuine benefit in the form of a caution, an increase measure of tolerance, a fuller realization of responsibility, and a complete extermination of its anarchistic element.

His Great Mistake.

The legal mind sometimes seems to be peculiarly uncertain in its grasp of ethics and of the broad principles of good citizenship.

Attorney Darrow, chief counsel for the McNamara brothers, has published a statement in which he seeks to explain his position in the relation to the men—his clients.

One sentence in his statement is to the effect that "no motive of any sort entered into the disposition of the McNamara cases, except the welfare of the men accused of murder."

Here seems a clear instance of having the shoe on the wrong foot. Mr. Darrow might easily have conceived it to be his duty to think, in passing, of the welfare of that large class of peaceful citizens who are helpless against the type of men represented by the McNamaras.

Whatever labor may think of the McNamara case, it will be hard to defend Mr. Darrow from charges that he has been engaged in a deliberate effort to cheat justice and to buncle organized labor. He must account for a vast sum of money spent like water at his direction for the benefit of two vile wretches who deserve no pity at the hands of honest men. He was in a bad way no doubt. He demanded a \$50,000 fee, and \$100 a day expense money for defending upon the presumption of their innocence. Had he told organized labor at the beginning that he could not take the case because the men were guilty, it would have saved the men of that body much humiliation and a large amount of hard-earned money. But he went right on taking labor's good money and reiterating his faith in the prisoners' innocence when, by his own statement, he had known the facts "for a good many months."

The position of an attorney who undertakes to defend a prisoner charged with any crime ought not to be at all complicated. As a skilled lawyer it is his right and duty to discover all the facts which may prove to the advantage of his client. He should adopt every upright measure possible in showing where the attacks of the prosecution are unstable or irrelevant. But there his duty should end. It is not his business to strive to save guilty men from punishment. On the contrary, he ceases to manifest a proper comprehension of his calling when he connives or concedes, for the purpose of cheating the hangman or gaining a light sentence.

Mr. Darrow not only presented a sorry figure in the Los Angeles trial; he also betrayed the fact that in the present instance, at least, he has thought and acted on a reprehensibly low plane.

School Day Love.

THE SENTINEL sends in advance of the coming happy event its sincere and hearty congratulations to Miss Laura Esther, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. James M. Walton, and John Benjamin Hilsenbeck, who, as per handsome engraved cards, are to become husband and wife, at the home of the bride's parents in Louisville, Ky., Wednesday next, December 20, 1911.

Both the contracting parties spent the best part of their school days in our little city, and again the old love story of happy school days, has its culmination in the marriage of these two splendid young people. The bride to be was a popular, young school girl here, and we believe everybody who associated with Esther loved her, and we always thought that John did.

The groom is another of the old High School boys that has gone out into the world and made good. He has fought nobly and well. Under the most embarrassing circumstances, such as would discourage most any young man, he entered the State University, and without means he succeeded in taking a four years' course in electrical engineering. He took odd jobs and did whatever his hands found to do. He was steady, industrious, reliable, and used his brains. His booster was his industry and honesty, and his good luck signet his clean hands and clear head.

He left the university with honors. Today he is an electrician of such ability that the Westinghouse people have use for him. It will not do to say "Lucky John." Nothing to it. The lucky boys, the ones who had golden spoons in their mouths, are passing; falling by the wayside. Luck is the idle dream of the shiftless and indifferent—an Utopian shore far in the distance, to reach which requires the rays from Abaddon's lamp to light the way. Real luck is merely industry, honest and decency. You can see it shining like a light around you every day, just as this young groom did. So can you, young man. In advance we say again, congratulations, and may your entire lives be long and beautiful.

Are You a Practitioner?

Retributive justice is at length upon the heels of most of the people of Missouri. All that is necessary is for some courageous man to stand forth openly as an accuser and the courts will be compelled to do the rest. There will not be penitentiaries enough to hold us.

"The practice of medicine," says the Supreme Court of Missouri in a recent decision, "is not confined to the administration of drugs; nor is surgery limited to the knife. When a physician advises his patient to travel for his health he is practicing medicine. Broadly speaking, one is practicing medicine when he visits his patient, examines him, determines the nature of the disease and prescribes the remedy he deems appropriate."

Thus the friendly person whom we meet on the Interurban car or the one who calls upon us during the day or the neighbor who "drops in" after dinner and diagnoses our case, prescribing what we should do for neuralgia, rheumatism or pain in the back, is a practitioner, and if he be not duly licensed and anointed he is subject to a fine of \$50 or to imprisonment in default of payment.

Let the man or woman who is full of advice beware. Let the railroads that suggest a change of climate beware. Let the colonizer who has orange groves to sell or bungalows in the desert to dispose of beware. Let everybody beware. In its determination to safeguard the practice of medicine and make a monopoly out of it the legislature has created a new crime and added several millions of people to the criminal population, for we all prescribe and we are all malefactors.

Greetings, Good Fellows.

The good fellows are here again, of course. They have permitted THE SENTINEL to join with them in previous years in getting at the children at whose houses Santa Claus is not regularly on the job. They have enjoyed the experience mightily, just as THE SENTINEL has.

Well, Santa Claus day is stealing upon us again. It is only ten days away; and though we make the admission sadly, we are sure there are several children in our little city who will not have any Christmas at all—or next to none—if some of the good hearts that just naturally crave the joy of giving and helping are not turned in their direction.

There is one thing about making a merry Christmas for a child: The little people aren't one whit responsible for being poor and having no signals out for Santa Claus to see. And because they do not understand a good many things, they suffer so keenly when they are overlooked. Perhaps some of the "Good Fellows" of Oregon may have known something about that feeling when they themselves were little.

What is a "Good Fellow"? A Good Fellow is a person who gives some less fortunate individual, or individuals, a Christmas that otherwise would have passed unobserved except as a poignant reminder. He goes forth Christmas eve or morning. His mission is a happy one and his enjoyment reactive.

Remember there are several children in our midst whose Christmases are in jeopardy. The tragedy of no Christmas is pretty hard to conceive by the most of us. It occurs every year in our midst. And yet the cost and effort to prevent such tragedies are so insignificant and the reward so satisfactory! Therein lies the success of the united efforts of the "Good Fellows."

Over Life's Stream.

Guy Stanley was born March 16, 1890, near Bigelow, Mo., and died December 4, 1911, aged 21 years, 9 months and 12 days. Guy was a boy of a kind disposition, which won for him many friends. Besides these, he leaves to mourn his loss, three sisters and three brothers—Mrs. Joseph Laukemper, Mrs. Dan Wilson, May Stanley; Allen, Harry and Claude Stanley. All were present at his death except one brother, Claude, who was in Montana and was unable to get here. Funeral services were held at the home of his sister, Mrs. Joseph Laukemper, Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock, and were conducted by Rev. C. B. Day, pastor of the M. E. church at Craig. The remains were interred in the old cemetery at Mound City. The bereaved family have the sympathy of their many friends. D.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank those who so kindly rendered their assistance in the last hours of our beloved brother. THE STANLEY BROTHERS AND SISTERS.